

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

# G.I. COMBAT

JANUARY  
No. 20

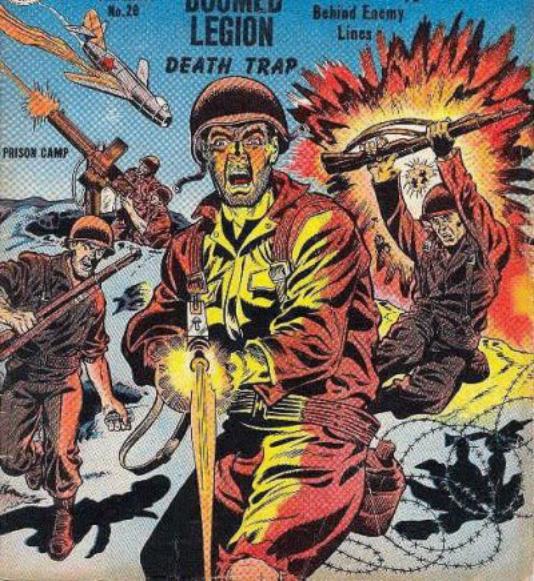
DOOMED  
LEGION

Behind Enemy  
Lines

KHC  
10¢

DEATH TRAP

PRISON CAMP







WEB COMIC  
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# The DOOMED LEGION

M-MAJOR! WE'RE OUT OF SHELLS... ONLY FIFTY ROUNDS OF AMMO LEFT!

WE'LL BEAT THESE COMMIES BACK WITH OUR FISTS IF WE HAVE TO! THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ANOTHER DIEN BIEN PHU!



**THIS WAS IT!** FORT FREE FRANCE STOOD BATTERED AND BROKEN AGAINST THE RED ONSLAUGHT! WAS THIS TO BE ANOTHER DIEN BIEN PHU? AGAIN AND AGAIN ITS STRUCTURE WAS TORN BY ENEMY SHELLS, MORTAR FIRE AND GRENADES --- BUT STILL IT STOOD! FOR INSIDE WAS A GRIM, DETERMINED BATTALION OF G.I'S --- MEN WHO CLOSED THEIR EARS TO THE VOICE OF THE COMMIE RADIO WHICH SCREAMED TO THE WORLD THAT THEY WERE DOOMED!



# G.I. COMBAT

THE WORLD WORRIED AND WAITED! COULD THEY HOLD OUT? HOW LONG? FOR THE FRENCH STRONGHOLD AGAINST RED AGGRESSION IN INDO-CHINA WAS UNDER SEIGE... AT DIEN BIEN PHU!



THE EYES OF BRAVE FRENCHMEN SCANNED THE SKIES EAGERLY... SURROUNDED AND CUT OFF THEY WERE DEPENDENT UPON AN AIRLIFT! IT MEANT LIFE... OR DEATH FOR THE FORTRESS!



AND IN THE FOUL WEATHER OF INDO-CHINA IT MORE OFTEN MEANT... DEATH!

ANOTHER DAY OF ZEE FOG AND RAIN! WE MUST HAVE SUPPLIES! WHEN WILL IT STOP?

TOMORROW, DUBOIS! PERHAPS TOMORROW...



LIKE A RAVENOUS SNAKE THE RED HORDES CUT OFF OUTPOST AFTER OUTPOST AND STRANGLED THEM INTO SUBMISSION!



DAILY WORLD  
**DIEN BIEN PHU FALLS**  
GALLANT DEFENDERS OVERRUN BY VIET MINH FORCES WHEN SUPPLIES RUN OUT. ALL OF INDO-CHINA THREATENED BY RED HORDES.



THUS IT IS THAT FREEDOM LOVING MEN THE WORLD OVER RALLY TO THE FRENCH CAUSE!

LARSON, AMERICAN... WHITE, AMERICAN... HIGGINS, AMERICAN... MILLER, AMERICAN...

SACRE! SO MANY AMERICAN PATRIOTS! WE MUST IN SOME WAY SHOW OUR APPRECIATION FOR THEES GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP!



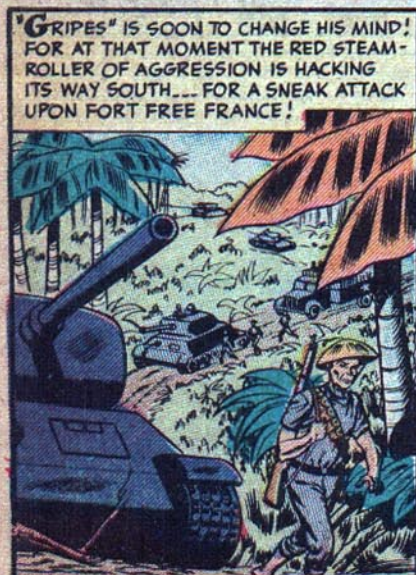
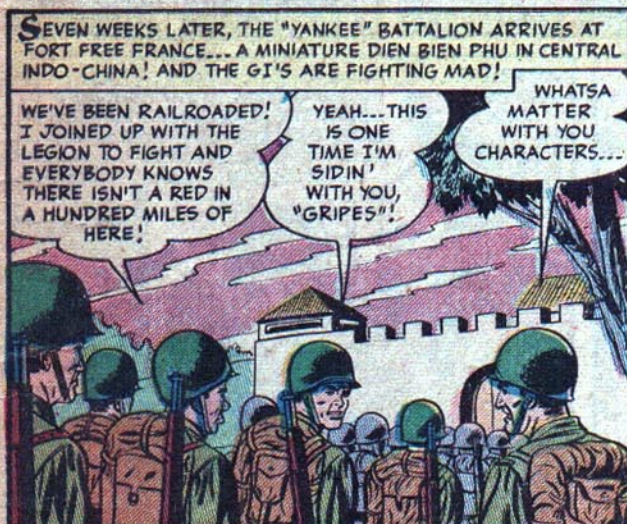
THE AMERICANS ARE GROUPED TOGETHER AS A SINGLE FIGHTING UNIT... A BATTALION OF EX-GI'S WHO HAVE FOUGHT AGGRESSION BEFORE!

YOU'RE THE LAST GUY I THOUGHT I'D RUN INTO HERE, "GRIPES"! YOU MOUTHED OFF SO MUCH WHEN WE FOUGHT TOGETHER IN EUROPE 'BOUT ARMY LIFE I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU IN UNIFORM AGAIN!

THE ARMY'S STILL KAPUT WITH ME, WHITEY! BUT I COULDN'T STAND BY AND LET THE FRENCHIES GET BEATEN BY THE REDS!









AN IMMEDIATE ASSEMBLY IS CALLED ON THE PARADE GROUNDS!

THOSE ARE THE FACTS, MEN! WITHDRAWAL COULD MEAN A SERIOUS SETBACK FOR THE FRENCH! AND IF WE VOLUNTARILY REMAIN... WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN COMBAT BEFORE! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE CONSEQUENCES!



I'M NOT GOING TO ORDER ANYONE TO COMMIT SUICIDE... THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO TAKE A VOTE AMONG YOURSELVES! WHEN A VERDICT IS REACHED LET ME KNOW, SERGEANT!

SIR... I DON'T THINK A VOTE WILL BE NECESSARY! I KNOW THE WAY THESE MEN FEEL! THEY'LL STICK IT OUT AND FIGHT... THAT'S WHY THEY'RE HERE!



IS... THAT RIGHT, MEN?

YAHOO! WE'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT FOR, MAJOR HIGGINS!

I HAVEN'T HAD A RED IN MY SIGHTS SINCE KOREA! IT'S GONNA BE LIKE OLD TIMES!



FRENCH HEADQUARTERS IS SHOCKED BY AN UNEXPECTED RADIO REPORT MOMENTS LATER!

IF WE HAVE YOUR PERMISSION MY MEN AND I WOULD LIKE TO REMAIN HERE AT THE FORT, SIR!

SACRE! ZEE CRAZEE AMERICANS... BUT AH, SO BRAVE!

VERY WELL, MAJOR! WE WEE SEND AIR SUPPLIES ZEE MOMENT ZEE WEATHER PERMITS! AU REVOIR... AND GOOD LUCK!



AU REVOIR... AND GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL NEED IT! SERGEANT! GET A DETAIL OF MEN TO DIG TRENCHES ABOUT THE FORT... HAVE ARTILLERY UNITS PREPARE GUNS FOR FIRING... ALERT THE AMMO DEPOT FOR ACTION!

RIGHT, SIR!



THE PREPARATION FOR BATTLE IS SWIFT AND THOROUGH! THERE IS NO TIME TO BLUNDER! FOR THE ENEMY HORDE IS WITHIN SHELL FIRE OF THE FORT!

WHATA THEY GETTIN' SO ANXIOUS FOR? WE'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!

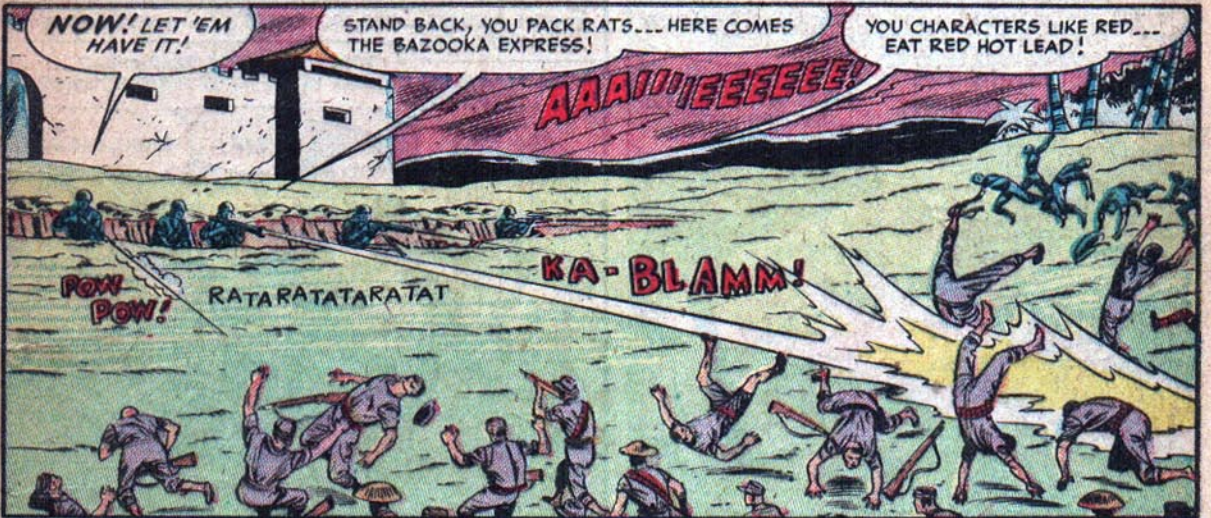
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER BY NOW, "GRIPES"! THEY'RE SOFTENIN' US UP FOR ONE OF THEIR CRAZY HUMAN SEA ASSAULTS!



MUSIC! NOW THEY'RE SERENADIN' US!

MUSIC NOTHIN'! THEY'RE THROWIN' THE FIRST WAVE AT US! "GRIPES"! GET BEHIND THAT MACHINE GUN! EVERYONE IN THE TRENCHES!







THEN, THE BESIEGED DEFENDERS OF FORT FREE FRANCE FACE THEIR PLIGHT BEHIND THE BATTERED WALLS!

YOU CAN'T HOLD UP AGAINST THOSE HORDES, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO PACE OURSELVES... HIT AND RUN!

SURE, MAJOR, 'CEPT WE GOT ONLY ONE PLACE TO RUN TO!



IF IT'D ONLY CLEAR... IF IT'D ONLY CLEAR FOR JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS...

IT'S IRONIC, SERGEANT! THE VERY TRENCHES WE DUG FOR DEFENSE WILL AID THE ENEMY IN THEIR NEXT ASSAULT! THEY CAN SLIP INTO THEM AND PLASTER US FROM CONCEALMENT!

YEAH, SIR, THAT WON'T BE NICE... SURROUNDED BY A HORDE OF REDS HITTING US FROM OUR OWN DEFENSES!



SIR, I'VE GOT AN ANGLE! WE'VE GOT A CASE OF DYNAMITE LEFT... SUPPOSE WE **BOOBY TRAPPED** THOSE DITCHES! WHEN THOSE MONKEYS DIVE IN FOR PROTECTION WE CAN BLOW THEM SKY HIGH!

A GOOD PLAN, SERGEANT! LET'S TEST IT... TAKE PRIVATES LARSON AND WHITE!



SHORT-MINUTES LATER, THE THREE G.I.'S SLIP FROM THE TORN FORTRESS!

WHITEY, "GRIPES", DEAD AHEAD... WE'LL PLANT THIS TROUBLE IN THE FIRST THREE ROWS OF TRENCHES!

YEAH! RIGHT, SARGE!



FEVERISHLY, THE TRIO RACE AGAINST TIME TO PLANT THE CHARGES!

WE'RE SITTING DUCKS HERE...

FUNNY...NO GUN FIRE...

ALMOST FINISHED...



THEN... LET'S GO!

YEOW! THEY'VE GOT US ZEROED IN!



RIG IT UP, CORPORAL! ALL CHARGES PLANTED!

STEADY, MEN! THAT'S JUST SCATTERED RIFLE FIRE! IT WILL BE DUSK...OR LATER BEFORE THE ATTEMPT TO INFILTRATE INTO OUR POSITIONS!





HOUR AFTER HOUR THE BELEAGUERED GI'S AWAIT THE ENEMY! FINALLY AS DUSK FALLS...

HERE THEY COME! A WHOLE FIELD OF 'EM MOVIN' UP LIKE LOCUSTS!

BE QUIET, PRIVATE LARSON! SERGEANT! GO BELOW AND PREPARE TO DETONATE AT MY SIGNAL!

RIGHT, SIR!

THEY'RE ENTERING TRENCHES ONE, TWO AND THREE! STEADY, SERGEANT, STEADY!

NOW! FIRE!

ABRUPTLY, AN INFERNO OF FIRE POWER FLAMES OUT FROM THE FORT! THE RING OF TRENCHES ERUPT IN A BLAST OF SUDDEN DEATH!

FIRE AT WILL, MEN! THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY WE'LL EVER HAVE TO UTILIZE OUR DWINDLING AMMO!

YAHOO! WE CAUGHT 'EM RED HANDED! HA, HA!

AND WHEN THE CLOUDS OF BATTLE CLEAR...

SIR, WE'RE OUT OF AMMO... ALL SHELLS GONE... LESS THAN A HUNDRED ROUNDS OF SMALL ARMS FIRE! THE MEN THREW EVERYTHING INTO THAT ONE!

GOOD! WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW WE'VE SPANKED THEM HARD! WE DIDN'T HAVE A KNOCK-OUT PUNCH BUT WE SLAMMED A HOLE IN THEIR RANKS THAT WILL TAKE TIME TO PATCH UP!

MAJOR! THEY'VE REGROUPED! THEY'RE LAUNCHING AN ATTACK!

FIX BAYONETS! THIS IS IT, MEN! THE REDS ARE ONTO US... THEY KNOW WE'VE SHOT THE WORKS!

AWRIGHT, YA BLASTED OVER-CAST! SO YA WOULDN'T LET THE SUN COME THROUGH... SO WE DON'T NEED YA NOW!



AGAIN THE BATTLE BEGINS... BUT THIS TIME COURAGE AND SINEW ALONE ARE THE DEFENDERS' WEAPONS...



...AND THEY ARE ENOUGH...FOR THE MOMENT!

GONE AGAIN... LIKE PACK RATS TO THEIR HOLES!

REGROUP IN THE FIELD OFFICE... THEY'LL BE BACK... THEY WON'T GIVE US A MOMENTS REST NOW... NOT A MOMENTS!



COMING AGAIN, MEN!

I'LL GET ME A COUPLE FIRST... MAYBE THREE OR FOUR! H-HUH!



SUDDENLY... THE SUN! THE SUN'S OUT! LOOK! PLANES...



YES, THE OVERCAST HAD LIFTED... AND THE RED HORDES GAZED SKYWARD IN TERROR AS SWIFT VENGEANCE DESCENDED UPON THEM!

YIPEE! THEY MADE IT! THEY MADE IT!



WE'VE HELD FORT FREE FRANCE, MEN! YOU DID IT ON SHEER NERVE AND COURAGE! I'M... MIGHTY PROUD OF YOU ALL!

ER, MAJOR, SIR...



I JUST WANTED TO SAY, SIR... I'M KINDA PROUD OF YOU TOO FOR SHOWING US HOW TO DO IT!

WHY, THANK YOU! THANK YOU VERY MUCH... "GRIPES"!





# YIPPEE! RIDE IT COWBOY!

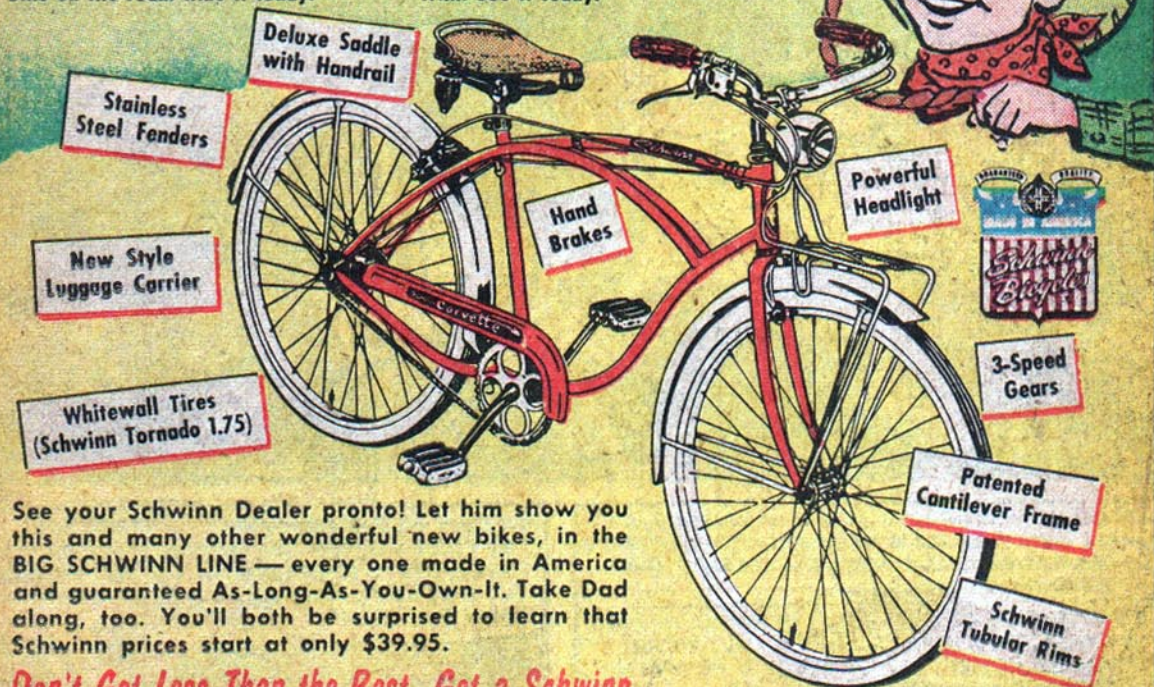
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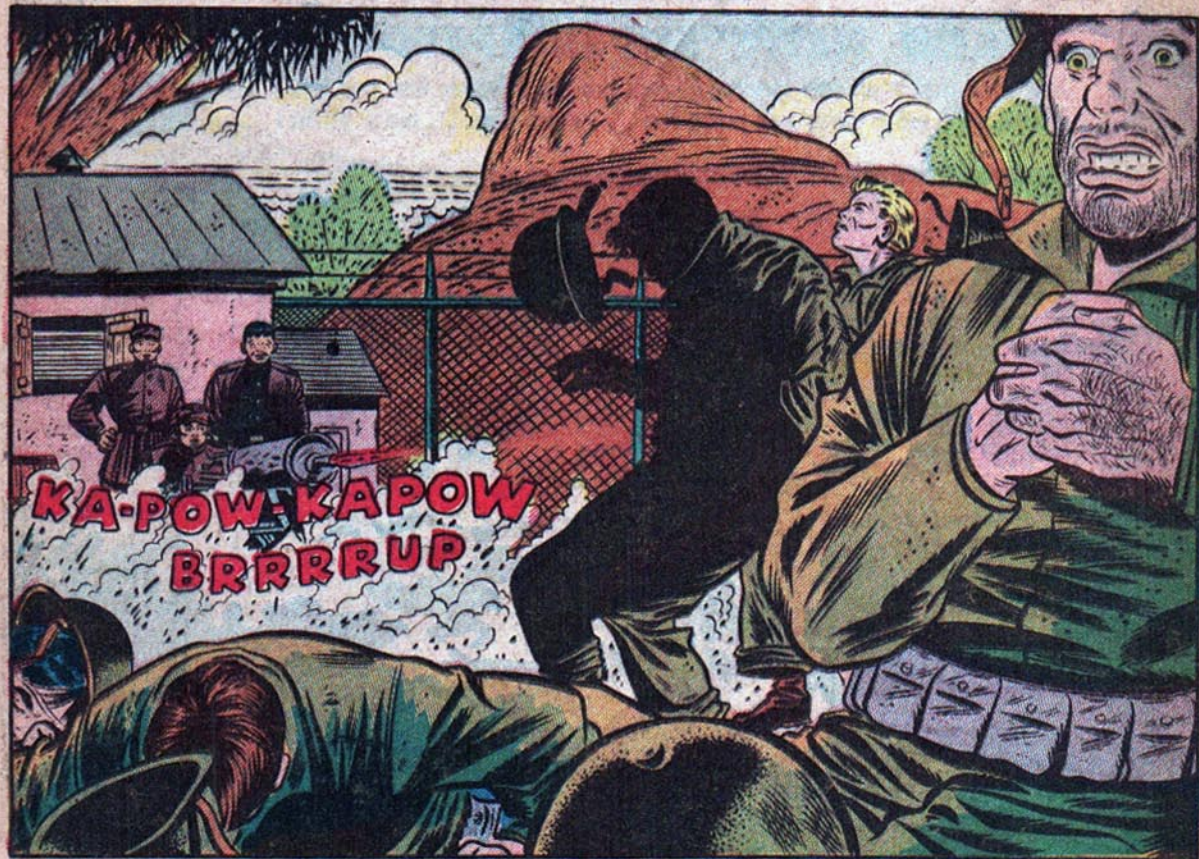
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G.I. COMBAT

# PRISON CAMP SLAUGHTER

IT IS NOT WHEN THE REDS CURSE THAT SMART DOG-FACES SHIVER!— IT IS WHEN A RED SMILES! FOR THE CAT ALWAYS SMILES MOST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO DEVOUR THE CANARY! AND THE RED BRUTE LAUGHS LOUDEST WHEN HIS VICTIM IS UNSUSPICIOUS!



ON THE SPRING OF 1952, SOUTH OF KAISUNG, A SMALL GROUP OF G.I.'S WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD DOWN THEIR POSITIONS AGAINST OVERWHELMING ENEMY ODDS ...

IT'S HOPELESS! WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM BACK! THEY KEEP COMIN' AN' COMIN'!

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF! WE'RE GONERS IF WE GIVE UP!

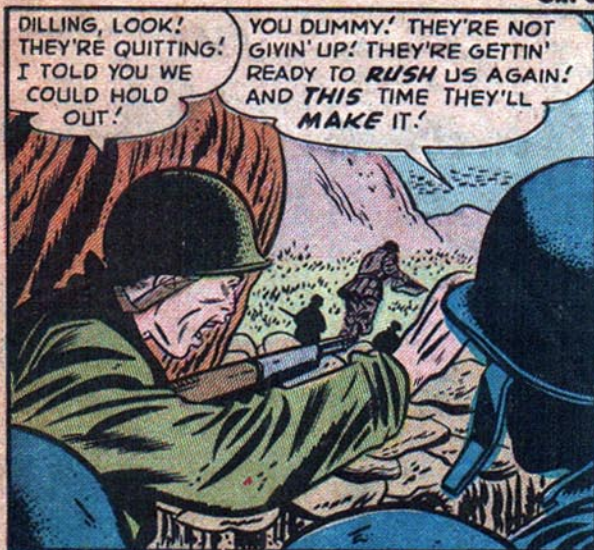


WHY CAN'T WE SURRENDER? IF WE COULD BEAT 'EM OFF, MORAN, I'D SAY... OKAY.. KEEP TRYIN' ... BUT THEY'RE CLIMBIN' DOWN OUR BACKS!

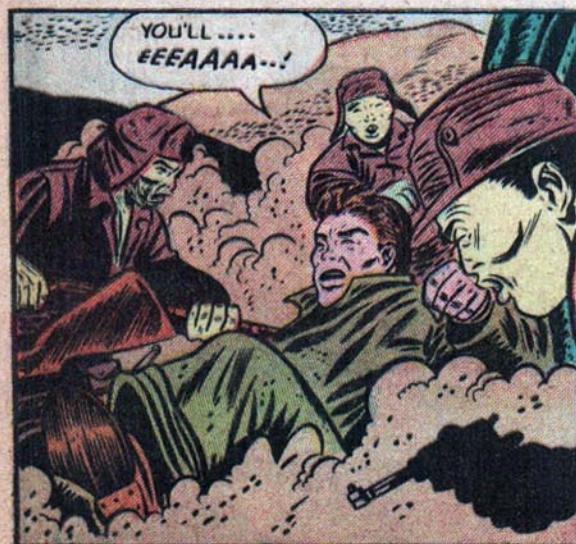
THEN WE'LL TAKE AS MANY OF 'EM WITH US AS WE CAN!













MORAN COULD BE WALKIN' AWAY LIKE US.. TO A PRISON CAMP... TO A BUNK IN A COMPOUND.. WAITIN' FOR THE WAR TO BE OVER... INSTEAD, WHAT HAS HE GOT? A FOXHOLE FOR A GRAVE!



AN HOUR LATER, THE LUCKY SURVIVORS WERE LOADED INTO A TRUCK ....

QUICK! MOVE FAST! WE HAVE NOT ALL DAY!



THEY WERE DRIVEN TO THE NEAREST RAILROAD STATION...

WHAT NOW, DILLING?

WE GET HERDED INTO A CATTLE CAR AND GET A FREE RIDE TO THE NORTH! NOTHIN' CLASSY .. BUT IT'S BETTER'N LYIN' IN A SHALLOW GRAVE WITH WORMS FOR SLEEPIN' COMPANIONS!



I HEAR THE RED CONCENTRATION CAMPS ARE THE WORLD'S WORST! IF YOU DON'T DIE OF TYPHUS, YOU DIE OF EATIN' THE LEATHER OFF YOUR SHOES!

WHAT SHOES? THEY'LL STRIP 'EM OFF YOU BEFORE THEY CHECK YOU IN! THEM CRUDS GOT NO SHOES OF THEIR OWN TO WALK AROUND IN, SO YOU EXPECT THEM TO LET THE PRISONERS LIVE BETTER THAN THEY DO?



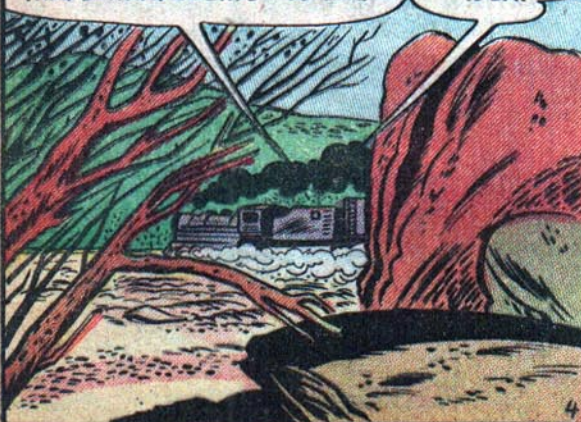
THAT'S STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS! I KNOW THREE GUYS WHO ARE ROTTING IN A FOXHOLE NOW BECAUSE THEY SWALLOWED THAT PROPAGANDA ABOUT THE REDS BEIN' MONSTERS!

AIN'T THEY?



THEY AIN'T GOIN' TO GIVE US A HOTEL ROOM WITH HOT AN' COLD RUNNIN' BLONDES! - BUT WE'LL GET BY! AT LEAST, WE'LL LIVE! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.. TO LIVE...

OKAY, BY ME, DILLING! LET'S HOPE THE REDS GOT THE SAME IDEA!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... A FEW MILES BELOW THE YALU RIVER ..

HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS PLACE! YOU COULD EAT OFF THE GROUNDS!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU!

SEE HOW YOU GUYS WORRIED? FOR NOTHIN'! WE'RE GOIN' TO LIVE IN STYLE!





NO DOUBT YOU AMERICANS ARE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU SEE! YOUR PROPAGANDISTS HAVE TOLD YOU SO MANY LIES ABOUT US, NO? OUR PRISON CONDITIONS ARE UNRIVALED! YOU HAVE ONLY TO SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS BED! FEEL THEM MATTRESSES! FEATHER BEDS, NO LESS!

WASN'T I RIGHT? ANYBODY WHO FALLS FOR THAT PROPAGANDA LINE ABOUT THE REDS BEING BEASTS IS A 14 KARAT SUCKER!

AN' STEAM!

WELL, GUYS, DID YOUR PAL, DILLING MISLEAD YOU?

HECK, NO! WE NEVER THOUGHT IT'D BE ANYTHING LIKE THIS! I'D HAVE LEFT MY K-RATION DIET LONG AGO! THIS CHOW IS REAL FOOD! UMMM-YUMM!

I WAS JUST WONDERIN', GUYS, HOW MANY DOG-FACES LET THEMSELVES BE KILLED RATHER THAN SURRENDER, BECAUSE THEY WERE SCARED STIFF TO FALL INTO RED HANDS!

THOUSANDS OF GUYS! EVERYBODY SAYS A GUY'S COMMITTIN' SUICIDE IF HE GIVES UP! SHOWS YOU HOW RELIABLE THEM RUMORS ARE! I'LL TAKE THREE CARDS!

ONE DAY, A WEEK LATER, A PRISON INSPECTION UNIT, VISITED THE CAMP!

REMARKABLE! QUITE THE FINEST PRISONER OF WAR CAMP I'VE EVER SEEN!

I'M NOT SO SURE! AFTER ALL THIS CAMP MAY NOT BE TYPICAL OF RED PRISON CAMPS!

YOU AMERICAN INSPECTION MEN ARE SO SUSPICIOUS! IF YOU DOUBT OUR WORD, ASK SOME OF YOUR MEN! LEARN THE TRUTH FROM THEM!

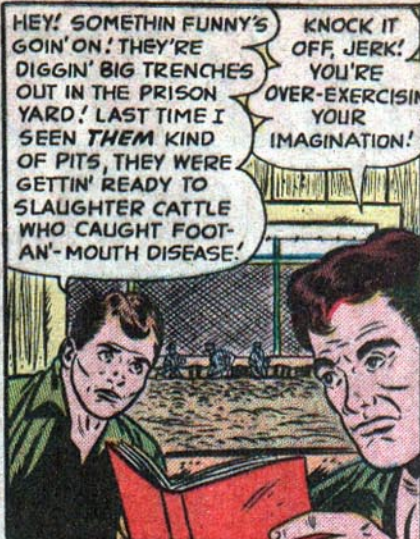
HOW HAVE THEY BEEN TREATING, YOU, SERGEANT?

SUPER, SIR! JUST SUPER!

ALL THOSE RUMORS YOU HEAR OF RED CRUELTY.. THEY'RE JUST BUNK, SIR! WE GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHIN' SIR! WE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

YOU SEE? I WASN'T LYING! SHALL WE CONTINUE THE INSPECTION, GENTLEMEN?

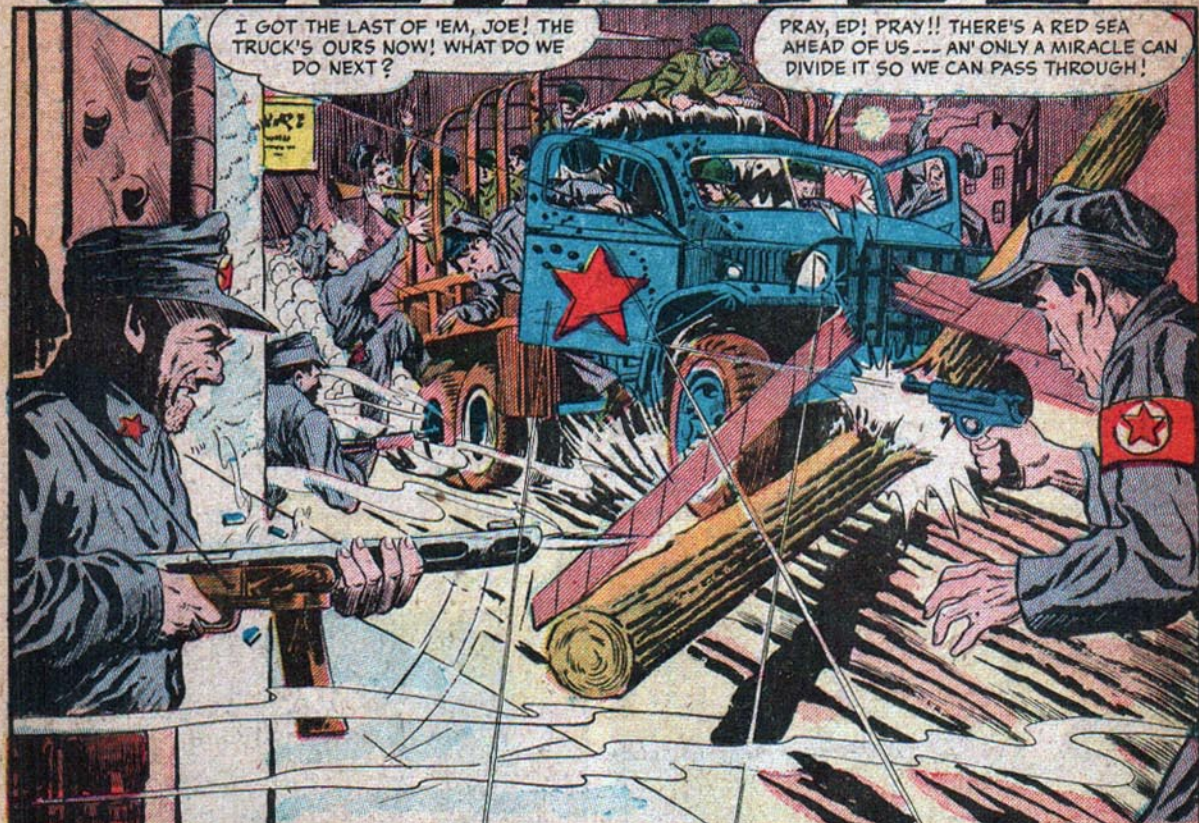






G.I. COMBAT

# DEATH TRAP



I GOT THE LAST OF 'EM, JOE! THE TRUCK'S OURS NOW! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

PRAY, ED! PRAY!! THERE'S A RED SEA AHEAD OF US --- AN' ONLY A MIRACLE CAN DIVIDE IT SO WE CAN PASS THROUGH!

**ONE NIGHT IN BERLIN A GANG OF G.I.'S WENT OUT FOR A GOOD TIME! THEY WALKED INTO A BEER STÜBE EXPECTING MUSIC AND MERRIMENT! INSTEAD THEY FELL INTO A TRAP OF HORROR USUALLY EXPERIENCED IN NIGHTMARES!**

**WHEN NINE G.I.'S... ALL GOOD FRIENDS... GOT THEIR FURLOUGHS AT THE SAME TIME THERE WAS BOUND TO BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN OF BERLIN!**

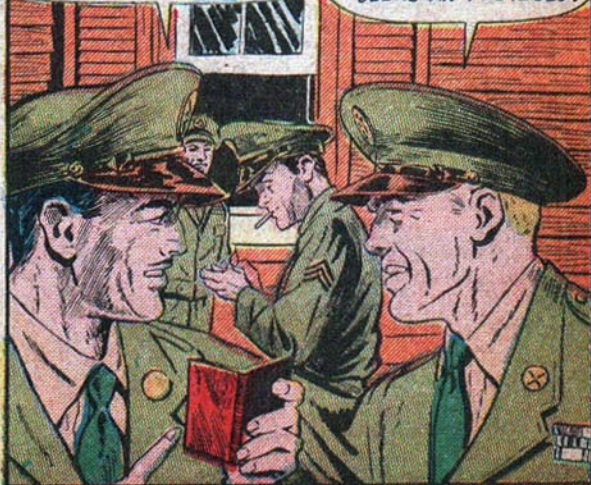
WHAT'LL IT BE, EGGHEADS? FOOD, DRINK OR DAMES?

ALL THREE, YOU SAP! AN' I KNOW WHERE TO FIND 'EM... AT PAPA PILSEN'S!

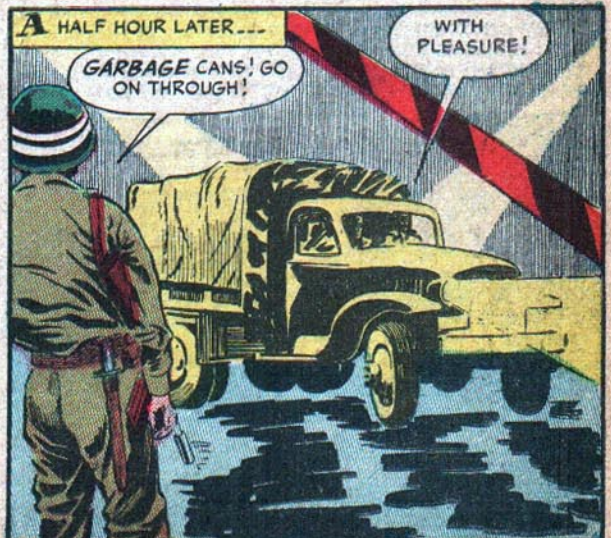


I MET A CUTE FRAULEIN THERE ON MY LAST WEEKEND PASS!

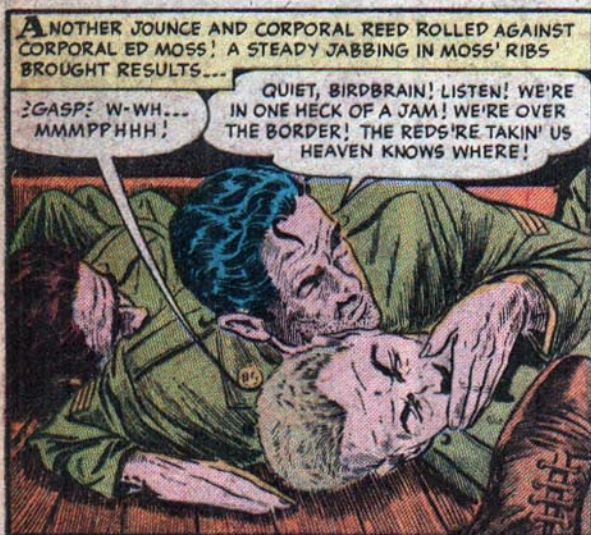
WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? BRING ON THEM BEERS AN' PRETZELS!



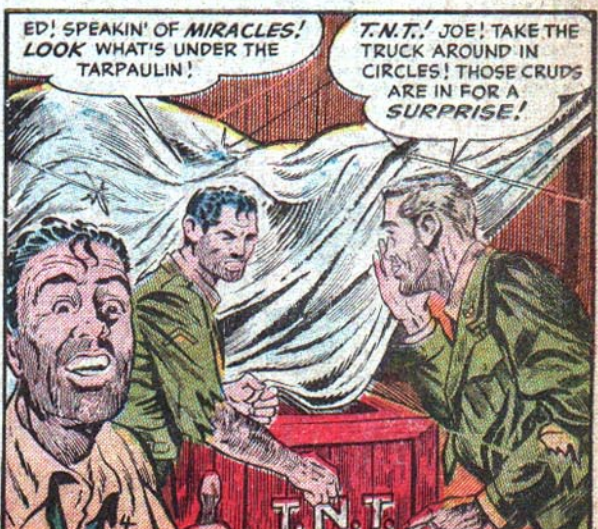
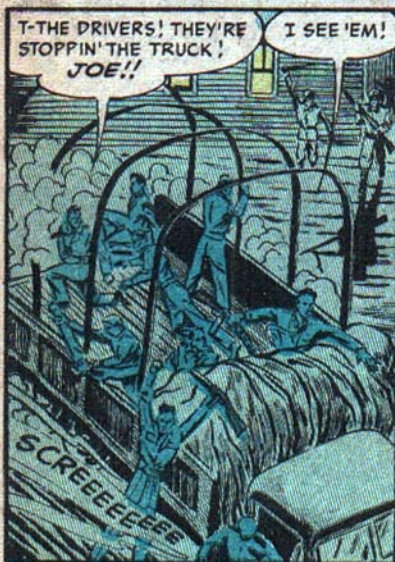








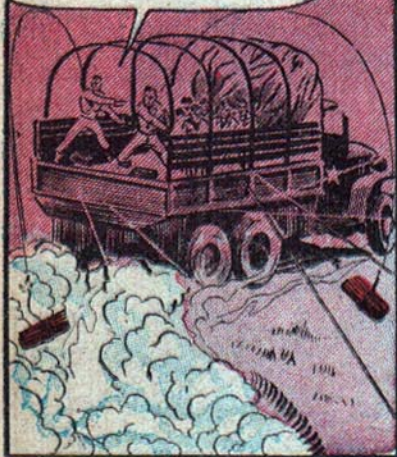






MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRUCK ZIG-ZAGGED TO ESCAPE THE REDS!

OKAY, WES! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



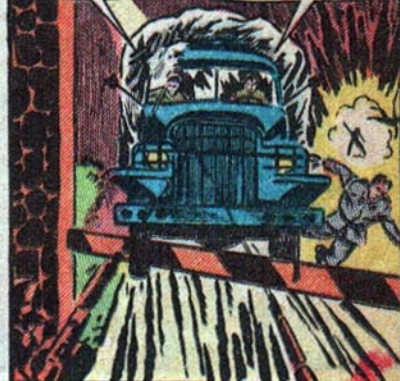
JOE! T-TURN THE TRUCK AROUND! HEAD FOR THE GATE! THEY'RE RUNNIN' WILD IN EVERY DIRECTION!



AS THE HORRIFIED REDS SCATTER...

PUSH THAT PEDAL THROUGH THE FLOOR! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

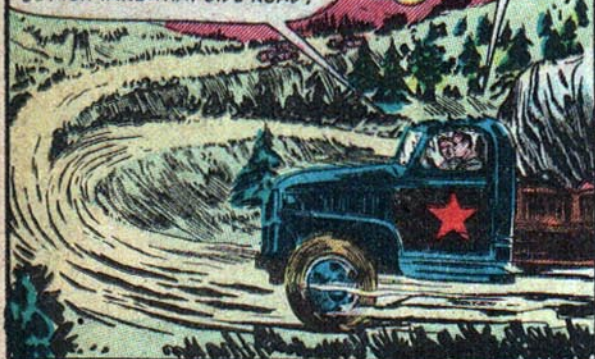
DON'T KID YOURSELF! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE! WE'RE STILL A U.S. ISLAND IN A RED SEA!



MINUTES LATER, AS RED SCOUT CARS ROARED INTO SIGHT...

SEE WHAT I MEAN? THEY'VE BLOCKED OFF EVERY ROAD TO THE BORDER! RED SEARCH PARTIES WILL BE SO THICK WE'LL TRIP OVER 'EM EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY! WE'D BETTER TAKE THAT SIDE ROAD!

WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH US? WHY'D THEY SNATCH US IN THE FIRST PLACE?



TO MAKE PROPAGANDA OF OUR PRESENCE IN RED TERRITORY! TO ACCUSE US OF VIOLATING THEIR BORDER! TO CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT THAT WILL EMBARRASS THE U.S.!

JOE! THEY'LL CATCH US ON THE ROAD! IF WE HOLE UP IN THAT HOUSE, MAYBE WE CAN KNOCK OFF THE REDS BEHIND US!



MINUTES LATER!

THANK H-HEAVEN YOU CAME!! THE AMERICANS L-LEFT THE TRUCK AND WENT INTO THE BARN! THEY'RE HIDING IN THE BARN!

SO THAT'S WHY THE TRUCK IS PARKED OUTSIDE, EMPTY! QUICK IDIOTS! INTO THE BARN!



BUT AS THE REDS ENTERED THE BUILDING...

THE SUCKERS! THEY FELL FOR IT!





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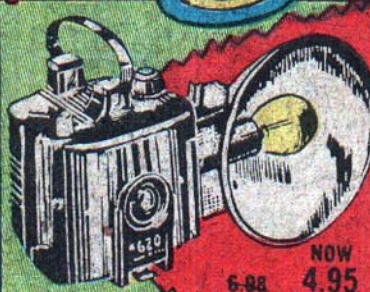
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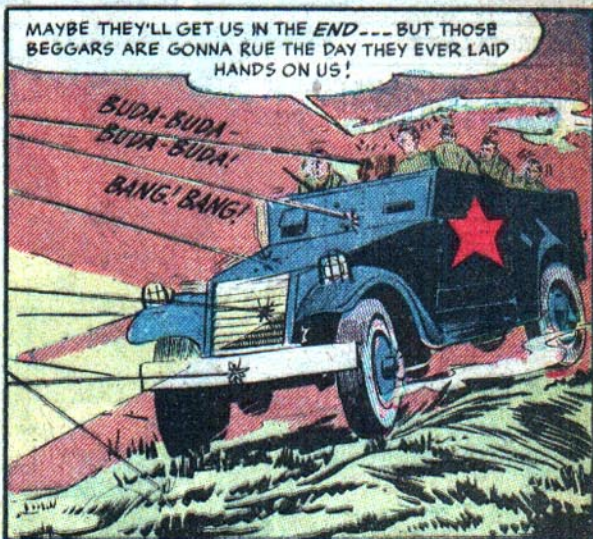
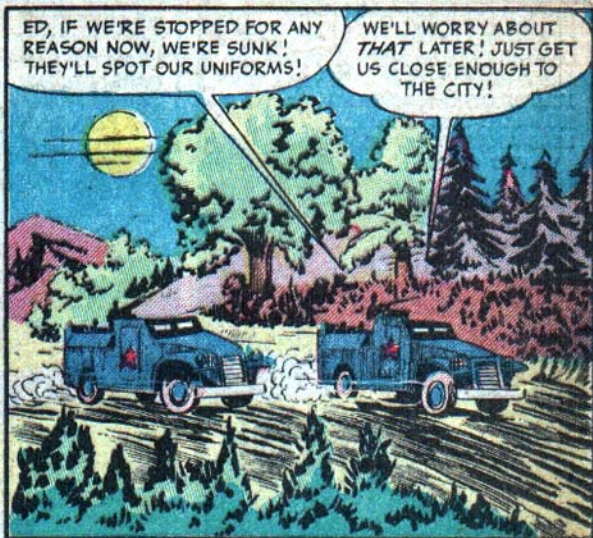


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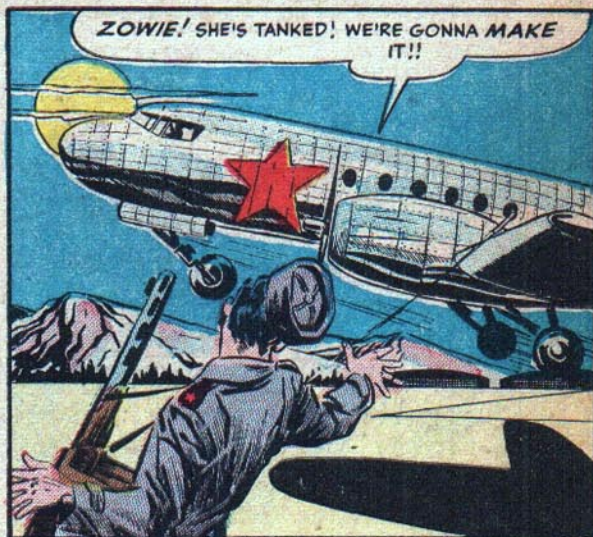
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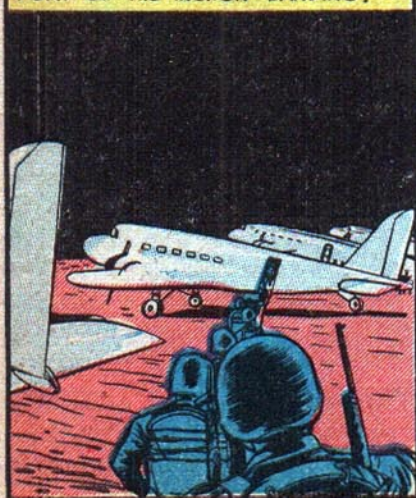


THE FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT IS SOMETIMES MORE THAN THE MIND AND BODY CAN COPE WITH BUT ONE'S BAPTISM OF FIRE CAN BE ALMOST UNENDURABLE WHEN ONE IS ALONE AND...

# BEHIND ENEMY LINES



KOREA...1951, AS A REGIMENT OF PARATROOPERS BOARD THE PLANES THAT WILL DROP THEM BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN SUPPORT OF THE INCHON LANDING!



STEVE BALDWIN'S THOUGHTS ARE OF A VERY PERSONAL NATURE!

I'M SCARED! I WONDER WHAT MY FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT WILL BE LIKE!

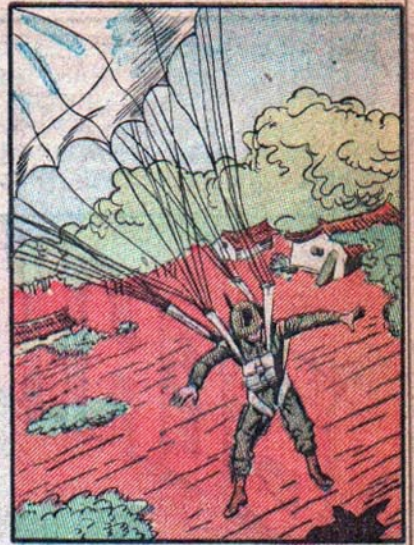


I JUMP NEXT! I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! I WON'T BE A COWARD!

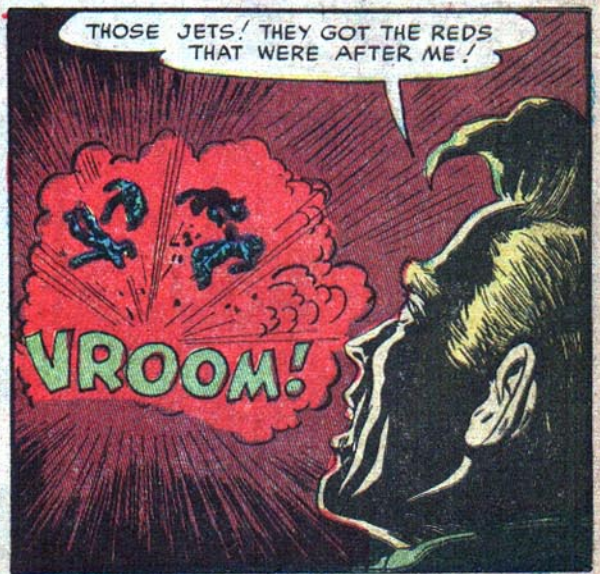
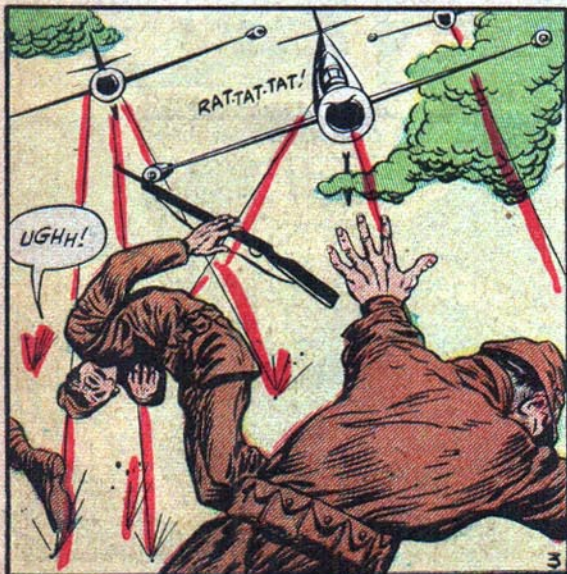
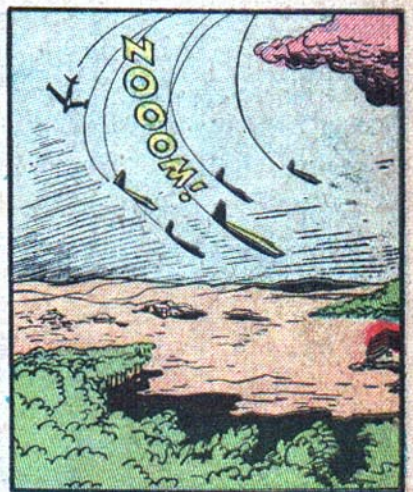




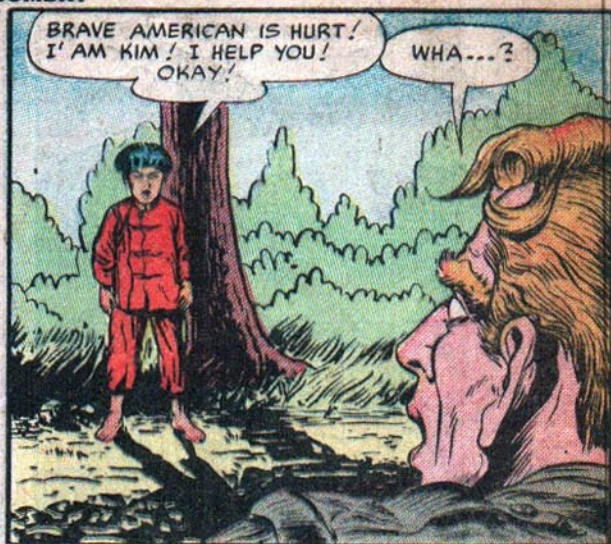
G.I. COMBAT





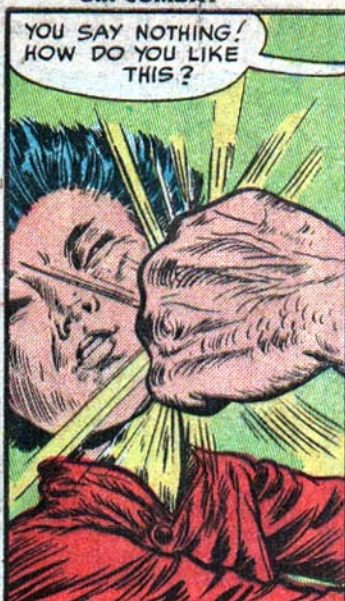






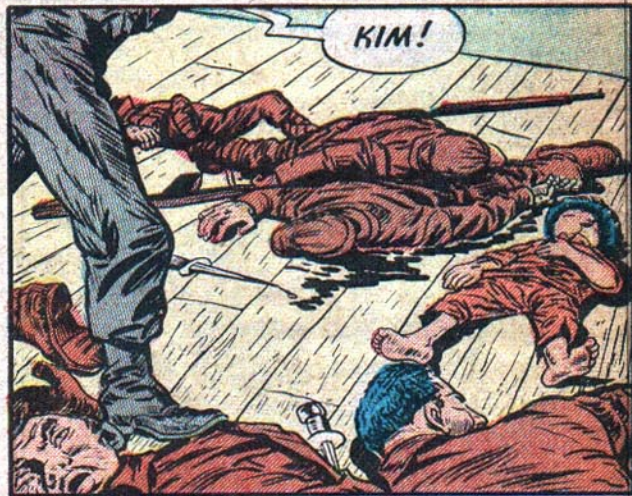
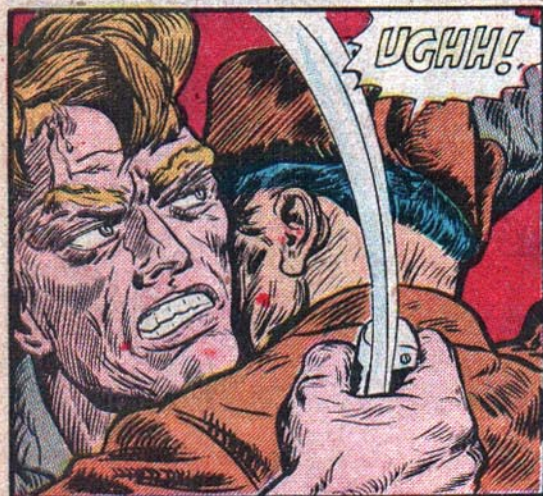
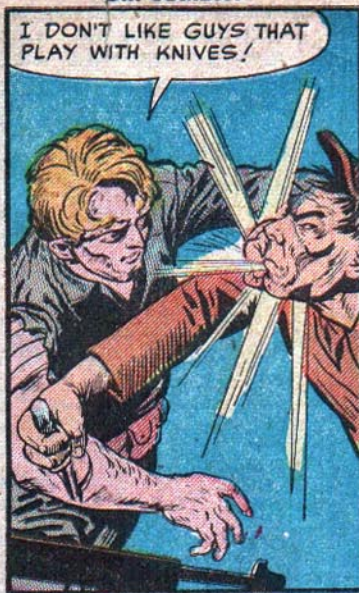


G.I. COMBAT





G.I. COMBAT



KIM...I'M NOT AFRAID ANYMORE! KNOWING YOU HAS MADE A MAN OF ME! EVERYTHING I AM, I OWE TO YOU! MAY GOD BLESS YOU!



# SLING-SHOT GRENADES

**C**ORPORAL CALAHAN and Private Murphy saw the rocket at the same instant. It blossomed half-way up the rocky hillside and whooshed toward them and there was nothing in the world they could do about it. Corporal Calahan was still telling his leg muscles to jab at the jeep's brakes, his arm muscles to wrench the wheel when it hit. Private Murphy's throat was still corded with the yell he meant to utter when the rocket struck the earth just beneath the jeep's front wheels.

There was a thundering *Blamm!* The jeep reared up under them and the two GIs went pinwheeling into the air. They crashed down heavily and the mangled framework of the jeep slammed down on top of them. Only the fact that the two had landed in a shallow ditch beside the Korean road saved them from being mashed flat by a ton or so of twisted metal.

Corporal Calahan moved dazedly, swearing to himself. Private Murphy groaned, snatched out his .45 automatic and pointed it up through the framework of the jeep with murderous intent. Calahan grabbed at his arm. "Cut it out, you dough-head. You know blame well a .45 can't carry up that far with any accuracy. And besides, they're holed up in a regular cave up there in the rocks. I can see it from here."

"They got a bazooka," Murphy complained bitterly. "Them darn-blasted Reds got a bazooka."

"Certainly they got a bazooka, stupid. You don't think our outfit's been held up ten days on account of they throw rocks so straight, do you? They got plenty modern equipment."

The two lay quiet and considered their position. Under the wrecked jeep they were comparatively safe but if they tried to sneak out, they would be exposed to another bazooka charge, or at least deadly machine gun fire from the nest above. The only alternative seemed to be to lie still until darkness hid any bid for escape. Corporal Calahan promptly killed that.

"Hey! We've got a command car coming in half an hour. Those Reds have the road zeroed in. They'll pick the brass off like they

picked us, only they'll probably score a direct hit on them."

"Who cares," Murphy growled, and flinched. "Okay, so an army's gotta have officers. So what do we do? We can't hit them mugs with our .45s and this here army kindly forgot to include any rifles in our equipment. I got a couple of grenades, if you think you can throw 'em that far, brain boy."

"Shaddup," Corporal Calahan snapped. "I'm thinking." His eyes fell on one wheel of the jeep, still spinning in the air just above their heads, its tire shredded from the impact of the rocket's explosion. "Hey, I got it! Gimme your trench knife, dopey."

While Murphy gaped, Calahan sliced away the shredded casing and pulled out the inner tube, gashed but largely intact. It was not until Calahan began to tie the two ends of the tube to the jeep frame that he got the idea. "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. You're making a goldarn big sling shot outa that inner tube. You figure maybe it'll lob a hand grenade up into that Red nest?"

"If it doesn't," Calahan said, through his teeth, "you and me better figure to run down the road and hope the Reds don't get us before we warn off the command car. Gimme that grenade."

With loving hands they fitted the hand grenade into the big rubber sling and hauled it back to full tension. At the word, Murphy jerked out the pin and Calahan, squinting with one eye shut, let go. There was a twanging snap and the grenade went arching up and out, looping across the sky. They held their breaths, watching it swoop down and vanish into the black pocket of the Red nest. An instant later the black turned crimson with the gout of flame as the grenade exploded. A man's body flew up and down again. A bazooka pinwheelled high and went clattering down the rocks.

Corporal Calahan grinned at Private Murphy. "Never any doubt," he said. "Me, I was the spitball champeen of Public School Number 8. Bring on your goldurn Reds."



# EMPIRE BUILDERS

JOE AND HIS DAD  
ACT AND FEEL  
LIKE  
MILLIONAIRE  
RAILROAD  
OWNERS!

NOW HOW'S ABOUT  
PUTTIN' IN THAT  
NEW SIDING AT GRAND  
JUNCTION?

GOOD IDEA!  
FREIGHT  
TRAFFIC IS  
SURE BUILDIN'  
UP...

GRAND JUNCTION. TOWERMAN  
OF THE AUTOMATIC SWITCH TOWER  
GOES BACK INSIDE AS LIONEL'S  
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WATCH IT, DAD!  
I'M BRINGING  
THE SECTION GANG  
IN RIGHT AFTER  
THIS TRAIN!

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SECTION GANG CAR!**  
Runs on own power just  
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"gandy dancers" face the  
other way... **ONLY \$7.95**

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SET!

GOOD—  
NOW LET'S HOOK  
UP THIS REMOTE-  
CONTROL SWITCH.

WATCH HER BACK  
INTO THE SIDING!

LOOK AT  
THOSE BIG  
NEW LIONEL  
FREIGHT CARS!

YES, YOU'RE ALWAYS BUILDING  
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IS SURE  
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# HAIR-RAISING READING!!!

G.I. Combat #20, Quality Comics (1952 Series), January 1955; 36 pages, saddle-stitched, \$0.10.

Scanned from his personal collection by narfstarr, edited and posted by builderboy, 33 of 36 pages from a coverless copy. Interior art includes Pete Morisi.

PD material for the Golden Age Comic collection communities online..

IT IS WHEN A RED SMILES!  
'THE CANARY,' AND THE RED



IN THE SPRING OF 1952, SOUTH OF KAISUNG, A SMALL GROUP OF G.I.'S WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD DOWN THEIR POSITIONS AGAINST OVERWHELMING ENEMY ODDS ...

IT'S HOPELESS! WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM BACK! THEY KEEP COMIN' AN' COMIN'!

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF! WE'RE GONERS IF WE GIVE UP!



WHY CAN'T WE SURRENDER? IF WE COULD BEAT 'EM OFF, MORAN, I'D SAY... OKAY.. KEEP TRYIN' ... BUT THEY'RE CLIMBIN' DOWN OUR BACKS!

THEN WE'LL TAKE AS MANY OF 'EM WITH US AS WE CAN!

